

4/27/70

Dear both,

What a pleasant and appropriate melding, a German-Mexican ~~mixup~~ card, the god of poetry, with the endless official cancellation of peace!

Although it is not important, I remain curious about the relaxing effect of wine on an old Scotch drinker. What kind of body chemistry is that?

I'd missed the strange appropriateness of the pub date of the Gentry-Powers sluttery. Gentry, who wrote it, knows better. He was in touch with me on just this point and well knows it is fiction. But what profitable fiction! Extensive and world-wide, pre-pub serialization. I've already gotten a cutting (today, from a dear sweet 18-year old-and pretty- fan in England). Gentry promised me galleys, wanted my opinion, and has been silent, save for an apologetic note too late. No galleys, no promised "review" copy - no pride. But ah! the ~~thing~~!

Nothing new on health, no new attacks, no reports on tests, none slated. I suppose I'll have to ask the doctor when he resumes his practise. With me, this is all it seems to be.

But I stay busy, into more messes, more fights (and less writing). Can't now go into them all. But we'll be together again.

The colors, flora and fauna, are a delight as the earth is reborn. Got the mallards so tame they come to the kitchen door to be fed. Etc. More birds, more varieties. I guess the word gets around, that we set an abundant table and allow no hunting. It even reached the muskrats, who have invaded and endanger the pond and with it the fish who come on hearing the human voice, expecting, and getting good feeding.

We've even got species of sparrows unknown in the area and precluded by the experts and their expert books.

With all the intrusions and assorted troubles, my investigations, somehow, continue and are productive. Need is for writing time.

Best,